Numb. CXXII.

The GUARDIAN.

Nec Magis expressi vultus per aheneа Signa. Hor.

Friday, July 31. 1713.

THAT I may get out of Debt with the Publick as fast as I can, I shall here give them the remaining part of *Strada*'s Criticism on the *Latin* Heroick Poets. My Readers may see the whole Work in the three Papers Numbered 115, 119, 122. Those who are acquainted with the Authors themselves, cannot but be pleased to see them so justly represented; and as for those who have never perused the Originals, they may form a Judgment of them from such accurate and entertaining Copies. The whole Piece will show at least how a Man of Genius (and none else shou'd call himself a Critick) can make the driest Art a pleasing Amusement.

The Sequel of Strada's *Prolusion.*

The Poet who personated *Ovid* gives an Account of the Chryso-Magnet, or of the Loadstone, which attracts Gold after the same manner as the common Loadstone attracts Iron. The Author, that he might express *Ovid*'s way of Thinking, derives this Vertue to the Chryso-magnet from a Poetical Metamorphosis.

As I was sitting by a Well, says he, when I was a Boy, my Ring dropt into it, when immediately my Father fastning a certain Stone to the end of a Line, let it down into the Well. It no sooner touched the Surface of the Water, but the Ring leapt up from the bottom, and clung to it in such a manner, that he drew it out like a Fish. My Father seeing me wonder at the Experiment, gave me the following Account of it. When *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* went about the World, to repair Mankind by throwing Stones over their Heads, the Men who rose from them differed in their Inclinations according to the Places on which the Stones fell. Those which fell in the Fields became Plowmen and Shepherds. Those which fell into the Water produced Sailors and Fishermen. Those that fell among the Woods and Forrests gave Birth to Huntsmen. Among the rest there were several that fell upon Mountains, that had Mines of Gold and Silver in them. This last Race of Men immediately betook themselves to the Search of those precious Metals, but Nature being displeased to see her self ransacked, withdrew these her Treasures towards the Center of the Earth. The Avarice of Man however persisted in its former Pursuits, and ransacked her inmost Bowels in quest of the Riches which they contained. Nature seeing herself thus plundered by a Swarm of Miners, was so highly incensed, that she shook the whole Place with an Earthquake, and buried the Men under their own Works. The *Stygian* Flames which lay in the Neighbourhood of these deep Mines, broke out at the same time with great Fury, burning up the whole Mass of Human Limbs and Earth, 'till they were hardened and baked into Stone. The Human Bodies that were delving in Iron Mines were converted into those common Loadstones which attract that Metal. Those which were in search of Gold became Chryso-Magnets, and still keep their former Avarice in their present State of Petrefaction.

Ovid had no sooner given over speaking, but the Assembly pronounced their Opinions of him. Several were so taken with his easie way of Writing, and had so formed their Tastes upon it, that they had no Relish for any Composition that was not framed in the *Ovidian* manner. A great many, however, were of a contrary Opinion, till at length it was determined by a Plurality of Voices, that *Ovid* highly deserved the Name of a witty Man, but that his Language was vulgar and trivial, and of the nature of those things which cost no Labour in the Invention, but are ready found out to a Man's Hand. In the last place they all agreed, that the greatest Objection which lay against *Ovid*, both as to his Life and Writings, was his having too much Wit, and that he would have succeeded better

(Price Two Pence.)